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B R I T ^{*k*} A N N I A.

Λ
P O E M.

[Price One Shilling]



BRITANNIA.

PART the FIRST.

WHILE some, contented with more humble themes
Enraptur'd sing of grotts, and limpid streams,
Of feather'd songsters murm'ring thro' the grove,
Of sighing shepherds, or desponding love :
I, such debas'd ideas despise, and sing
In more exalted strains, our gracious King.

5

THE daring theme, Calliope inspire,
Assist thy vot'ry with poetic fire;
Teach him, O teach him while he pens the song,
To choose the right, and to reject the wrong,

10

B

To

To future laurels, point the sacred way,
Nor check his genius in its first essay.

AND thou, great George, accept the artless verse,
That dares (tho' great the theme!) thy praise rehearse;
And if thy gracious eye the line surveys
Deign to forgive, benignant Prince, those lays
Whose only merit is to tell thy praise.

15

Still strive to bless thy people, and improve
By acts of true benevolence their love.

And while o'er foreign realms the god of war
Rends with death-boding shouts the troubled air;
While kings regardless of the public good,
Revenge their quarrels with their subjects blood;
While Death in every form despotic reigns,

20

And horror marks the desolated plains;
While zealous fury ev'ry where appears,
And spoils the labours of a thousand years;
The wretched hind avoids the dreadful fight,
And urg'd by terror yields himself to flight;

25

But

But ah! what scenes arise; his fields on fire; 30

His offspring calling on their helpless fire,

In vain!—the hostile sword arrests their cries,

O'ercome with grief, the father groans, and dies!

While such oppressions load a foreign plain,

May peace in Albion still confirm her reign: 35

Secure the merchant urge his pliant oars,

And stretch his commerce to far distant shores;

No unpropitious winds his hopes controul,

No hostile navy terrify his soul:

Elated may the mariners descry 40

The fruitful Indies rising to the eye;

Whatever gems those kingdoms yield, explore,

And waft the treasure to Britannia's shore.

In peace the rustick tills the stubborn soil,

The pleasing hopes of profit urge his toil; 45

No hostile trumpet's sound invades his ears,

No armies fraught with Death incite his fears:

He

He still, unconscious of the dread alarm,
 Securely cultivates his fertile farm ;
 The ripen'd ear with anxious joy he sees 50
 Oppress'd with grain, and waving with the breeze :
 When to his cot he hies, his infant race
 Lisp his return, and fly to his embrace ;
 And while his careful hand their wants supplies,
 Oft he with grateful heart invokes the skies } 55
 To bless that Prince from whom such joys arise. }

AVAUNT! ye Patriots, ye abandon'd train,
 No longer ape that title, ye profane :
 Our peace no more endeavor to destroy,
 Nor damp those blessings which we now enjoy: 60
 Else shall the Muse reject the humble lay,
 And wrathful * go where vengeance points the way,
 Of truth's fair veil disrobe the mystic lie,
 And lay your crimes before the public eye.

*———et quâ vocat ira sequemur—Ovid. Metam.

In vain in gentle terms the Muse declares 65
 That virtue, not sedition, claims their cares,
 Still to reproof averse, the venal tribe
 Adhere to those who give the greatest bribe.

OF old a Patriot was a sacred name,
 And virtue led him in the paths of fame. 70
 To head the armies, to enforce the laws,
 Or aid the senate, was a Patriot's cause.
 Hence Brutus, Manlius, and Camillus rose,
 To stop the torrent of oppressive foes;
 Their sole intention to support the state, 75
 No mean self-int'rest urg'd them to be great;
 And still persisting in so great a cause,
 Admir'd by all, they gain'd deserv'd applause.

ALAS ! how wide from Patriots of old
 The moderns err, whose only wish is gold ! 80
 Base wretches, who to ev'ry meanness prone,
 Reject the public int'rest for their own.

T R A C E

C

BUT

But still, regardless of the vicious few,
 Thy arduous task, benignant Prince, pursue ;
 And still propitious o'er thy wide domain, 85
 Let justice, probity, and virtue reign.
 At last e'en Patriots, to their duty true,
 Shall yield the tribute to thy virtues due.
 All civil discord shall be hush'd in peace,
 All feuds dissolve, and all commotions cease, 90
 Each loyal Briton shall thy voice obey,
 And own the justice of thy gentle sway.

END of PART I.

PART

P A R T the S E C O N D.

AH! no—In vain imagination fram'd,
 That civil broils were hush'd, and discord tam'd,
 That scenes of woe to distant climes were fled,
 And peace again had rais'd her drooping head!
 Still shall sedition live, still civil rage
 Shall blot with woe the Muse's sacred page.

5

THY aid again, Calliope, I dare
 Invoke, again propitious hear my prayer,
 Say, what curst hand new scenes of grief supplies,
 Whence peace is fled, whence fresh commotions rise,
 Why men unnecessary woes create,
 Reject what heav'n commands, and urge their fate.

WHAT

WHAT cause unfung Bostonia's sons alarms?
 Why do her ardent legions rush to arms?
 What vengeful hand their fruitful fields destroys? 15
 What loss oppresses, or what foe annoys?
 Ah! none.---With war they brave Britannia's laws,
 And arm their legions in so vile a cause.

YE slaves, who doom Britannia's plains to bleed,
 What fiend impels you to so foul a deed? 20
 To point 'gainst Britain's sons the martial strife,
 And slay (oh! base return) who gave you life.

TIR'D with reflections on these mighty woes,
 Nature gave way, and sunk in soft repose;
 Lo! to my view Britannia's form arose. } 25
 In her right hand an ebon wand she bore,
 Pale was her face, and black the robe she wore.
 * O'er all my limbs a mortal tremor hung,
 Fear seiz'd my breast, and ev'ry nerve unstrung.

* At me tum--sævus circumstittit horror. VIRG.

As one, who sees his dissolution nigh,
 Perceives approaching death, yet dreads to die,
 Is tortur'd, to his hopes and fears a prey, 30
 Thus trembling, fearful, and perplex'd I lay;
 The Goddess' face was clouded with despair,
 She sigh'd, she wept, she rav'd, and tore her hair;
 And as of yore Alcyone * deplor'd
 The fatal shipwreck of her lifeless lord, 35
 No lenient aid her frantic grief dispell'd;
 So rav'd Britannia when her sons rebell'd.

" FROM what dire spring, she cry'd, can discord flow!
 " And grief to grief succeed, and woe to woe!
 " That I, whom none in battle dare engage, 40
 " Fall undistinguish'd by domestic rage!
 " Forbid, ye guardian Genii, and dispel
 " The mis'ries which my boding thoughts foretel.

* Ovid's Metam. Book XI. Those of my reader's who have not had an opportunity of studying the Latin language, may find an elegant translation in Dryden's Fables.

" Ah ! shall Bostonia's sons for arms prepare,
 " Exhort their troops, and urge a fatal war. 45
 " Not that the * thunder of their arms may fall
 " On hostile heads, and prove the scourge of Gaul;
 " But arm, (what times so black a deed afford)
 " That I may fall a victim to the sword.
 " NATURE o'er all but man a rule maintains, 50
 " Hence brutes obey what Nature's law ordains,
 " But me (rejecting all the ties which bind
 " The cruel tiger's, or the lion's kind)
 " My sons inhuman, to o'erwhelm prepare,
 " And glut their vengeance with the woes I bear. 55
 " 'Tis thus the viper, whom with cold congeal'd
 " The gen'rous boor extended on the field

* Non ut superbas invidæ Carthaginis.

Romanus arces ureret,

Sed ut—————fuâ

Urbs hæc periret dextera.

Neq; hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus

Unquam, nisi in dispar genus.

Hor. Epod.

Perceives,

“ Perceives, and thoughts benign his breast inspire,

“ He chafes the gasping serpent by the fire.

“ The vital current flows thro’ ev’ry vein, 60

“ And life, so near expir’d, returns again:

“ When timely rescued from the shaft of death,

“ He wounds the hand that now preserv’d his breath.

“ IN vain to all your wants I proffer’d aid,

“ In vain on ev’ry call my love display’d; 65

“ For you sustain’d the dangers of the fight,

“ Impell’d the war, and conquer’d in your right.

“ BUT ah! my wrongs with rage my soul inspire,

“ My passion chokes me, and I die with ire.

“ Desist, ye miscreants, from your base design, 70

“ Disband your troops, your impious war resign:

“ Else shall Britannia with her sails unfurl’d,

“ Impel destruction on your western world;

“ O’er fields unfit for war * my camps shall rise,

“ Nor grant conditions which ye now despise.” 75

* i. e. Replete with the produce of the year.

SHE ceas'd, and disappear'd. " Ah ! goddess stay,"
 I cried, " What urgent cause forbids delay ? "
 " Let me revenge these insults",---as I spoke
 My ardent zeal arous'd me, and I woke.

Reflect, O ! men of Boston, and be wise ! 80
 No foes ensnare you, but your friends advise.
 Reject rebellious war, and learn to know
 The various blessings which from concord flow.
 Fulfil what Albion and her laws enjoin,
 All feuds to merited contempt resign. 85
 Submit with joy to George's gracious sway,
 Observe Menenius' fable *, and obey.

* At a time when the Romans were much weakened by intestine divisions, the plebeians had retired from Rome to a hill afterwards called Mons-sacer, where Menenius (a patrician) being deputed by the senate to reconcile the plebeians, addressed them to this effect : " Once upon a time the members of the human body, envious of the belly, rebelled. Upon this the members grew weak in proportion as the belly became infirm, and soon found that they had need of it, as the belly alone communicated nourishment to the rest of the members". Thus Britain and her Colonies, which form but one and the same body, will be destroyed by divisions, and supported by concord.

10 FE 58

F I N I S.

